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Science were introduced between the two languages, and the results were eminently satisfactory. No—a modern foreign language as taught by a Max Walter is not a “snap course.”

These are times fraught with anxiety and anguish,—much more than four thousand miles of space lies between Max Walter and me to-day. I cannot think as he thinks, but my prayer is: May the God of Battles watch over and guard him; may He grant that the time shall return when I may again share with my former friend a bottle of milk as *Zweites Frühstück* in the good old Musterschule in Frankfort-on-the-Main.

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A Visit to the Musterschule.

My introduction to the work of Max Walter was his pamphlet “*Englisch nach dem Frankfurter Reformplan*”, that wonderful exposition of his successful teaching of English to his own German pupils. I had happened on it in Berlin and pored over it with great interest. There were many points that I wanted to talk over with the author. On my visit to Marburg for examination by Dr. Viëtor, he showed the most kindly and courteous interest in my work, and as I was leaving after a delightful morning spent with him, he said: “I’d like to give you an introduction to Max Walter, but I promised never to do it — he is so beset by visitors.”

Should I go to Frankfort or on to Paris? I was within two hours of Frankfort. With or without an introduction, I decided to go.

I found the Musterschule early next morning — and the Director’s office. A vigorous “*Herein*” was the answer to my knock and I opened the door and saw the now familiar form of the Director. To my inquiry, he answered “*Ich bin Walter*” and gave me a book to peruse while he gave some directions to his busy secretary. Then he took me into his larger private office lined with all sorts of text-books, a veritable treasure-house for any aspiring teacher. I said a few words about the book he had handed me. It was an “*Introduction to Shakespeare*”, a very severe introduction, indeed, intended for German boys and, as I told him, far too difficult in its wording for English-speaking American boys of the same age. He was interested in what I said and asked me to write it. Then I produced my only weapon, my enormous permit “to visit girls’ schools” procured from the authorities with much ceremony and some delay. He looked it over. “Of course this does not admit you to *my* school,” he said. “No,” I answered, “but I wanted to see your school, and that is why I asked for a permit. I don’t want to see girls’ schools. You know the

best teachers are likely to be in the boys' schools." (Quite likely, I should say, in Germany!)

Then we talked about the "Englisch" pamphlet and he answered all my questions most satisfactorily. "You may see all my books and pamphlets," he said. "I'll pick out what will be best for you and have my secretary put them in the parents' room. You can look them over whenever you like. And you might visit the drawing classes—we are not so strict there." I thanked him though I did not care much about seeing the drawing classes. Still it was something to be longer under the roof of the *Musterschule*! As I was leaving the office in charge of the drawing master who had happened in, Dr. Walter added: "And if you come back at twelve, I'll smuggle you into my French class."

The walls of the *Musterschule* were all prettily colored, especially the large one through which we passed on our way to the French lesson. It was kalsomined in a good shade of terra cotta and adorned with many mottoes and proverbs. They had been chosen to appeal to growing boys and were placed just where they would most often meet the eye. Here and there the Director had to stop to shake hands with this boy and that who came up with an eager greeting.

As we entered the classroom, all the boys rose with a hearty "Bon jour, mademoiselle et monsieur," adding the date in French. Then they mentioned all the actions of the teacher mounting the platform, taking the pen, calling the roll, etc., etc. Phonetic charts of French and English sounds were hanging on the wall and by their help all mispronunciations were corrected with great exactness. French was used readily and well by the pupils. Some picture work was done, songs were sung, a poem quoted by two boys and the lesson ended with a rapid verb drill. A glance at the Director showed his joy in the work. To see Dr. Walter at his best, one must see him in his own school-room surrounded by his boys. It was my good fortune to observe closely every phase of his work during my two weeks' stay in Frankfurt.

The first day I visited the English class made up of young men of seventeen to nineteen years of age, Dr. Walter asked me to speak to them in English, in which the whole lesson was being conducted. I told them of an arrangement made by the Chamber of Commerce of Buffalo. To encourage shoppers from near-by towns to buy in Buffalo, the return fare was paid if they spent twenty-five dollars in cash purchases. Only certain stores were included in this arrangement—those whose names, some of the best in Buffalo, were printed on a slip provided in the first store visited. Each store entered on the slip the amount of money spent there. The holder presented it at the address designated and received the refund without delay. When I had finished, Dr. Walter questioned the class on

all the points mentioned. They had listened intently and with evident interest and they answered instantly and correctly. It is one of Dr. Walter's methods to have strangers speak English or French to his students to accustom them to understand different accents. The lesson for the day was part of *Enoch Arden*. A German boy read a page with an excellent accent; he read it better than I have almost ever heard poetry read. The class was remarkable for the good pronunciation of practically all students, showing an exact knowledge of the differences between German and English sounds, for their ready understanding of English, for their interest in and comprehension of English poetry. The methods sketched in "*Englisch*" had borne fruit. No visitor could help saying to himself: Whatever method has been used for these pupils, that is the one to use in teaching a foreign language whatever modifications it must undergo before being applied under different conditions.

All machinery, even when it seems most intricate and wonderful, is constructed according to a few simple principles. He who can understand those principles when clearly explained can understand the mechanism of the whole. The important point is to find the one who understands clearly and who can and will explain simply and completely. It is on such that the great art of successful teaching depends for its propagation.

There are two attitudes toward one's work both of which are common enough. A successful teacher is likely to have one or the other. "This is a fine piece of work. I did it. I planned every step of it carefully. No one else can do it so well." That may be very true. The other attitude is this: "You like my work? You don't think you can ever do it? But you can. I can show you exactly how I do it. You can learn to do it just as well as I do — if you care enough and are willing to work hard enough." And *that* is true very, very often,—true to an extent that should encourage every ardent teacher of methods. That is the attitude of Dr. Walter.

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